



Puck

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A LESSON OF THE LAST STRIKES.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XV.

THE MAN WHO TRAINED AGUINALDO
TO BE A SPRINTER.

pized by an over-indulgence in Dr. Somebody's
jestly-celebrated Elixir of Suthin'-or-other, instead
of that they had jest got through havin' a settlement
with the firm of Uncle Sam, George Dewey & Co.
Usona—*wuh!*"

IN BERLIN.

"I wonder what the Kaiser will try to do next?"
"They say he thinks of
attempting to commit *lese
majeste*."

THERE is a large, if not
profitable, field for
any company that will in-
sure the luck of the man
who plays the races.

HIS COMMENT.

"The proposed changin'
of the name of this 'ere great,
powerful, glorious United
States of Ameriky to Usona,"
said the Old Codger, sar-
castically, "is on a par with
the prevailin' practice of callin'
some big, husky, slab-sided,
freckle-nosed girl 'Pet' or
'Tootsie' or 'Lillie,' or ad-
dressin' a professional strong
man as 'Clarence.' The first
time I treated my little, four-
year-old nephew, Tad, to
sody-water, he wrinkled his
nose as the prickly gas went
up it, and kinder gasped:

"Gee, Uncle! It tastes
like my foot was asleep!"

"And that 'ere word,
Usona, sounds a good deal
more like a face-bleach or a
dyspepsia cure than it does
like the name of the greatest,
grandest and most glorious
country the sun has ever
shone on. If the late Rip
Van Winkle had n't woke up
till last year, and the first
thing he'd read was that Spain
had surrendered to Usona, his
natural deduction would have

been that
the haughty
dons had been

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little piles of rocks,
Make the mighty trustlet
And big blocks of stocks.

ANTICIPATION.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.—Well, I'll have to go
and see the governor and report the deficit!

FRIEND.—What will he say?

THE SPENDTHRIFT.—Oh! he'll kick like a tax-
payer.

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

"I am very sorry," said the Summer Girl, gently, "but
it is impossible. You must try to forget this."

He shook his head sadly. "I can not," he said.

"Do not say you can not," cried the girl, im-
pulsively. "Do forget it and let us go driving to-
morrow!"

NOT EXTING.

"Interest in tennis has not entirely died out,
has it?"

"I should say not! There are some people
who play tennis as earnestly as the average man
plays poker!"

DISCONCERTING A REFORMER.

"I'm down on all this food adulteration."

"Well, Aunt Jane, you ought n't to be."

"Why not?"

"Look at your size;—if you got pure food to
eat you'd be so big you could n't
walk."

A WOOING.

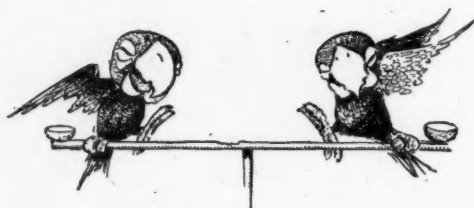


"Hello! There's that new party
I heard was coming!"

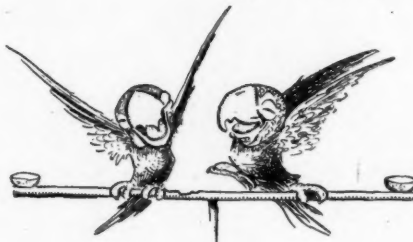


"Ah, there, Birdie!"

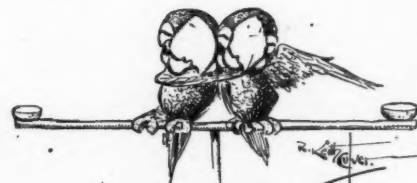
"Ain't she a beaut, though?"



"And here 's where I get her!"



"Oh! this is too easy!"



"Darling, name the day!"

"WHAT DO you want the dime
for?" said Mr. Hitely to the
seedy individual who had accosted him.

"I want to buy some paper," mut-
tered the man, "so that I can write a newspaper
article informing Mr. Carnegie how to spend one
hundred million dollars."

OF JOURNALISTS there

are three kinds:
1. Anyone connected with
a Paris newspaper; 2. the
man who owns a newspaper
and hires someone to run
it for him; 3. and the man
who runs a country weekly
and sets his own type.



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THE SARCASTIC DOG.

FIRST DOG.—Did he miss again?

SECOND DOG (*in disgust*).—Of course he did! Did n't you hear him shoot?

AN INVITATION TO GLADYS.



COME DOWN to the Battery, Gladys, my dear,
The band is beginning, the hour is here;
From Wagner to Rag-time they 'll drum and they 'll toot,
With airs by the trombone the public to suit.

The crowd is all gathered, the young and the old,—
Policemen are there but to govern the bold. —
There are mothers with babies too happy to cry,
And lovers that gaze at each other and sigh.

How changed is the scene from that dim long ago
When fair Mana-ha-ta belonged to "poor Lo!"
Or later, when Hollanders built on the site
Their fort, with a battery hopelessly light!

Don't linger and cavil! Come, put on your togs;
Be fair, democratic—throw "form" to the dogs.
Come down to the sea where the air is the same
That welcomed the toilers who gave us their name.

You can hear the waves lapping and see the ships pass,
And the mutton-pie wagon with milk by the glass; —
It's not "Rotten Row" or the Mall, but a lark, —
And the moon shines the same over Battery Park.

Once ladies of fashion strolled there in the shade;
They will keep you in countenance, arrogant maid!
They are dead long ago, with their pride and their boasts,
But we 'll cut the low moderns and walk with the ghosts!

Louis Morgan Sill.

HUMAN NATURE.

CITY NEPHEW (*annoyed*).—It took me five minutes to get that man on the telephone.

UNCLE JOSH.—It would take an hour to go to his office, would n't it?

CITY NEPHEW.—About that.

UNCLE JOSH.—An' here you 're kickin' about losin' five minutes, 'stead of bein' thankful fer savin' fifty-five minutes.

FUNCTIONS OF COUNSEL.

FIRST CORPORATION DIRECTOR.—Our legal department is getting to be very expensive.

SECOND CORPORATION DIRECTOR.—It is, indeed! Very! Sometimes I am almost tempted to think it might be cheaper to obey the law!

EXCEPTIONAL.

SHE.—You don't mean to say that Queen Victoria can not do just as she pleases?

HE.—Strange as it may seem, she is one of the few women who can not always have her own way.



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PRECIPITATED A CRISIS.

THE JUSTICE.—To what am I indebted for this visit?

THE GROOM.—I reckon it's to Sal's mother, Judge. She 'lowed I'd been callin' on Sal long enough, an' she up and asked my intentions.

A TIMELY INVENTION.

"I WANT TO show you something new in trunks," said the trembling agent, edging inside the office-door.
 "I don't run a circus!" exclaimed the fat man at the desk.
 "Not elephants!" began the agent, retreating an inch.
 "I don't swim!" shouted the business-man.
 "Not bathing!" explained the man at the door, timidly.
 "Well, I'm not buying an orchard to-day!" yelled the fat man, glowering threateningly.

"Traveling trunks!" gasped the agent, wildly.
 The man at the desk reached the door in one leap, dragged in the timid man, and dropped him in the corner.

"Now, see here!" said he; "you're the twentieth trunk man to invade my office to-day. When I got rid of the one before you I swore a solemn oath to kill the next one who came, unless he could show me a good reason for listening to him—

which you can't. For every blessed member of my family has trunks to burn. My wife and daughters take enough with 'em every Summer to hold Queen Elizabeth's entire wardrobe. What's more, they're all in fine condition; and if they were falling apart this minute, I would n't order a single one from one of you pests, if it only cost a dollar!"

"But our make is super—"

"Have n't I heard the same story all day? Don't I know more about trunks than any other man on earth? More

's the pity! Your confounded trunk's the strongest or the lightest or the handsomest or the easiest to pack and handle or the handiest to have around,—or it has some pesky little contrivance for holding something that no one ever wants to take."

"You're mistaken," said the agent, with more confidence. "Ours is just an ordinary, every-day, commonplace trunk—with one exception; and that you have n't named."

"Well, tell me what it is and get out!" said the fat man, trying to conceal his curiosity.

"When your family's trunks are all packed, sir, you are called upon to close and lock them, are you not?"

"U'm!"

"And after you've succeeded in getting the tops down you call for the keys—"

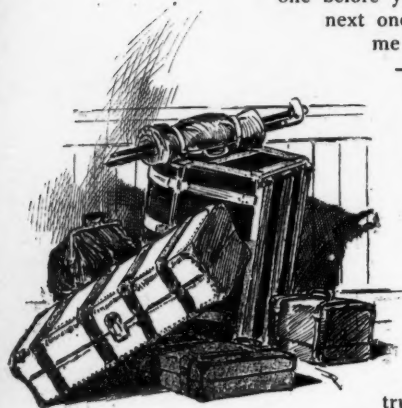
"Yes!"

"—and everyone exclaims, 'Oh! I do believe they're in the bottom of one of the trunks!'"

The fat man frantically raised the agent from the floor and gazed hopefully into his eyes.

"Tell me! Oh, tell me!" he panted, "if your trunk can prevent that?"

"Our trunk," proudly replied the agent, taking from his



EXPLANATORY.

JUDGE.—Did you steal the hog, or did you not?

PRISONER.—No, Judge, I did not; but if yo' kind ob thinks I'se lyin' about it, and am gwine to give me six months for lyin', I'd sooner lie about it and say I did steal de hog, and get two months for stealin' de hog I did n't stole!

satchel a working model, "opens at the bottom as well as the top; and, being provided with a private key, you simply turn the trunk over, so—open the bottom, so—and find the missing bunch of keys."

While the agent took down an order for thirty-two double-opening trunks for immediate delivery, the fat man wiped the tears of joy from his eyes and murmured:

"To think we used to consider the telephone the greatest invention of the age!"

W. D. Vincent.

UNLESS OUR girls eat more arsenic and less pickles, we tremble to think of the complexion of the future.

IT IS only justice to the kissing-bug to say that it kisses without musing the hair.

SOME MEN who take things easy get taken for easy things.

HELD FAST, BUT LOST.

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ANABELLE.—I do believe that Mr. Gotdust will propose when he comes to-night. I will just put this fly paper here and catch all the flies, so they won't attract his attention from his object.



SERVANT.—Wan moment, Sur, an' Miss Anabelle will be down!



MR. GOTDUST.—Aw—I will not sit down! I will stand by this table in a graceful but negligent pose, to impress her when she comes in the room.



"For heaven's sake! What have I put my hands in? Fly paper!"



"Ye Gods! This beats the very dickens! I'm trapped! I can't move a hand."



VI.
"Confound it all! I never was in such a predicament in my life before. What am I to do?"



VII.
"Perhaps I can work myself through in this manner. I hope she don't come in and see me in this ridiculous position."



VIII.
"I can't work it that way—confound it all! There go my coat-tails in it!"

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

"It seems almost too good to be true."

The young husband drew his wife to his side and said in that tone of exultation which comes only to the supremely happy, "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live this month within your allowance?"

"It was so easy!" she murmured. "And now that I have done it once, I wonder why I never thought of it before. I found, dear, that in almost every instance I could get things charged."

REMEMBER "BIKE."

"Someone has suggested calling the automobile 'autobile,' for short."

"All right; but we'll get it down to 'beel' after a while."

IN BOSTON.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Is their baby bright?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Bright?

He's a veritable creeping dictionary!

AN UNCERTAIN PERIOD.

"How long will Uncle Josh stay in New York?"

"A week—or until he is buncoed."

A HORROR AVOIDED.

"I wonder why whist has to be such a silent game, Kitty?"

"Why, in old times, Nan, when high-born ladies got mad at cards they used to call names."

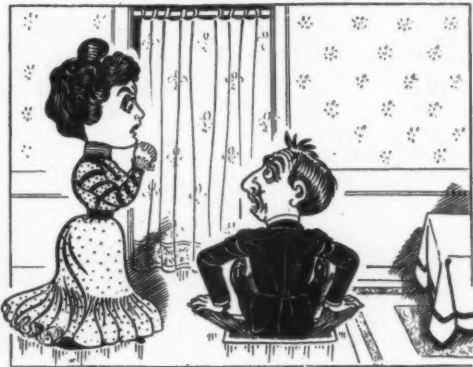
A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

"And then," said Papa, who was combining instruction with amusement, "there are all these machines which great men have invented—"

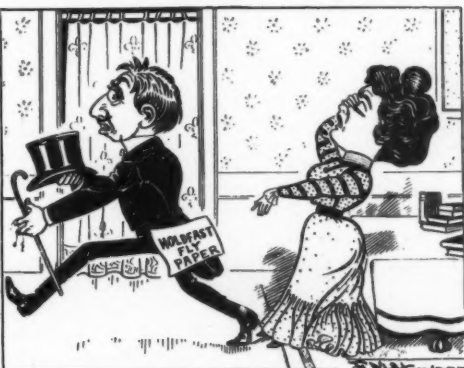
"Oh, yes!" put in Johnny, with enthusiasm; "like the penny-in-the-slot machine that you get candy and chewing-gum out of!"



IX.
ANABELLE.—Oh, Mr. Gotdust! what is the matter? Have you a fit? Shall I call a physician?



X.
MR. GOTDUST (now being able to pull his hands away).—Fit? Physician? This is the way you set traps for your guests, is it? It is awfully funny!



XI.
(Rushing out of the house).—"You may be able to catch flies with fly-paper, but you can't catch men!"

HIS WANING CAREER.

"Alas!" said the talented concoctor of sensational literature for the youth; "the halcyon days of my present prosperity will soon be over! In a few short years there will be no further demand for the products of my pen."

"You do not expect the race of boys to become extinct, do you?" questioned his friend. "A boy, as the proverb says of the sucker, is born every minute, and boys will always be boys."

"Yes; but the swiftly-changing times will ere long make the stock situations of my craft of no potency to thrill the juvenile mind. The horse is passing, and what lad would palpitate with devouring envy when my youthful hero threw himself in front of the fiercely-snorting automobile, in which shriekingly clung the golden-haired daughter of the proud plutocrat, and, seizing it by the bits, only succeed in stopping its headlong career at the imminent peril of his life and the brink of the beetling precipice? Eh-yah! I see my finish!"

ADVICE.

FRIEND.—Can't you give me a tip on stocks?
BROKER.—Yes. Don't buy or sell!



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THE UBIQUITOUS AMERICAN.

FRIEND.—Why don't you shoot, my lord?

ENGLISH HUNTER.—I'm overcome with astonishment! Where won't the adventurous American advertiser paste his bills?

PATRIOTISM COSTS less than piety and makes virtually as good a veneer.

IF AT first you don't succeed some of your relations will tell each other just why you never will succeed.

A MODERN VERSION.

If some could get a title clear
To mansions up above
They'd raise the good Lord's rent, I fear,
The which He'd pay, or move.

HEAD AND HEART.

"What wonder if I have no heart for the whirl of society!" exclaimed Gwendolyn, bitterly. "For years, now, I have been putting my whole heart in it, and getting nothing out of it but head!"
Here she pressed her throbbing temples, and wondered if she would feel better as the morning wore away.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

"The first time I saw Subbubs I thought he had a very bad temper."
"Not at all! He's the most easy-going soul in the world."
"I know. I've made up my mind that it is n't fair to judge a man when he's using a lawn mower."

NOT FAST.

"Fast color?"
"No; it seems to be more of an 'also ran.'"

CRESTS.

"I am told that they bought their family crest."
"Oh! nobody here ever leases a crest!"
That is, nobody who is anybody!"

REFORM.

THE ASTRONOMER.—The next eclipse of the sun will not be visible in the United States—
FRIEND.—That's too bad! Why, can't you people arrange to have *all* the eclipses of the sun visible in the United States?

A HAPPY MAN.

It was midnight upon the vast and heaving ocean. The dark-blue hummocks of waves rose and fell with silent, resistless might, and from behind a huge bank of clouds the moon's rays shone intermittently over the waste of waters. In the card room of the ocean steamer, a mere dark shadow that was flitting over the unknown depths, sat a gay party of returning travelers. And in the midst of all that gayety and brilliance, Mortimer Main-spoke's voice was heard above the rest; his laughter rang out more frequently, and it was evident that here, at last, was one who was enjoying life to the full.

"You seem happier than usual, old man," said one of his companions.

"I am," he replied, lightly. "My wife is very seasick to-night, and it is the only time since we have been married that I have played poker with the absolute knowledge that she did n't care a straw."

Tom Masson.



EVERLASTINGLY EFFECTUAL.

MRS. JUSTWED.—What's good to quiet a baby, Uncle?
UNCLE CRUSTY.—Well, diphtheric sore throat and a Christian Science doctor are as good as anything I know of!

A CINCH.

The lecturer was rising to his subject and himself. "Who," he cried,

"will measure the pole-star in its pathless orbit towards the vasty whence, count the infinitude of stars in the unfathomable depths of space, weigh the invisible universe and its limitless expanse of suns and systems?"

"Why, I will," lisped the fair Vassar graduate on the front bench, as she readjusted her chewing-gum and spectacles, and prepared to figure on her cuffs. "That is what I call a regular peach-blow cinch!"

SOME OF our leading families seem disposed to cultivate ancestry to the exclusion of posterity.

IT IS probably easier to be good than to get a reputation for being so.



ENTERTAINING THE TOURIST.

"I met the young feller in Pete's saloon an' I told him we lynched a hoss thief about every three months an' gave him particulars of cases."
"Why, there has n't been a lynchin' around here in fourteen years!"
"I know, but there's no use discouragin' a man that's puttin' up for drinks!"



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, August 30, 1899.—No. 1173.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKES.

THERE ARE lots of good arguments against the use of violence in labor strikes. But the one that should have greatest weight with organized labor is that it inevitably reacts upon those who use it. For it instantly transforms the laborer with, perhaps, a real grievance, into an enemy of society against whom all the destructive forces of society will be directed. And that makes a struggle so unequal that only the short-sighted will essay it. However much present conditions leave to be desired, the man or organization that would have us revert to the day of brute force finds us united in opposition. The laborer's wrongs are lost sight of; he no longer has standing as one of us; he is the primeval savage; he has unfitted himself for his environment. But, further than this, violence is poor policy in that it is a confession of weakness. Labor has been forced to organize, but organization is good for it only as the work is done thoroughly. The strikes that have succeeded have been those where the organization was so sound that violence was never thought of. The remedy for failure, then, is not violence but better organization. Violence is not needed, even if it could be used to advantage. For, with the forces inherent in the strike and the boycott understood and intelligently applied, Labor holds Capital in the hollow of its hand. But until it learns to train these weapons away from itself it will do more harm than good with them.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

IF PROOF were needed that universal disarmament can never be brought about by agreement, the Hague conference furnished it. The eminent gentlemen there assembled agreed unanimously that something of the sort was desirable, and they were all so polite and civilized that we may be sure they would have done something practical if they had known how. But toward any practical aspect of the thing they were cold—colder than liquid air. While they were agreeing that further armament was undesirable the countries of all of them were as busily arming as ever, and, of them all, quite the most enthusiastic buyer of guns and things was the ingenuous young father of this conference. Obviously, universal peace must precede universal disarmament. We don't fight because we have guns but we buy guns because we want to fight. If we ever learn not to fight we will cease to keep armies. It was another case of beginning at the wrong end; of mistaking an effect for a cause. But there was surely no harm in the chief fighters of the world getting together and talking things over pleasantly; and maybe we shall someday discover that, quite indirectly, considerable good came from it.

"PLAYING HOUSE."

ANOTHER of those coöperative colonies has awakened from its applied dream of universal brotherhood. The Ruskin colony in Tennessee has sold its property and its members will go out into the world again. It is the common end of them. They flourish while the enthusiasm lasts. For a few years they may seem to prove that socialism is the world's industrial salvation, and that Bellamy's millennium was a true vision. But, soon or late, the deadly individual bacillus finds lodgment and disintegration begins. The secret of the failure is that socialism is but half a truth; individualism is its other half. If either were the whole truth the problem of human association would be immensely simplified and would have been solved long since. But every man is essentially at heart both a socialist and an anarchist. And no system will ever accommodate him that does not give free play to these conflicting tendencies. No matter with what good will, nor with what wealth of productive energy these colonies are endowed, they inevitably cramp some aspiration or leaning peculiar to the individual—that thing in him which will out at any cost, which no temporal power nor the theory of the individual himself has ever been able long to subdue. And from that moment the socialistic colony, with its necessary conventions and concessions, becomes a prison. With all its perfected materialism, the state described by Bellamy, which has allured so many earnest seekers for better things, was but an elaborate penitentiary. And the colony that thinks it can go off by itself and create a private millennium out of one half of human nature is as far from the real thing as a group of little children playing "house."

TOMMY CITIBOYS "FRESH-AIR" VACATION.



ND SO I'm "in the country!" 'T is a blamed mean place.
I wonder why they tell such fibs? How can they have the face?
I've been here one plumb, blessed week, and never have I found
In all the blasted neighborhood one single merry-go-round!

There 's barn-yard fowls a-stepp'n', ungainly all and queer;
But I look back to Prospect Park and think upon the deer;
And when I see a measly bird, or scallawaggish bee,
I think of grand, old Central Park and the big Menageree!

They say there 's "fresh air" here. U'm! Yes! There 's that—and lots to spare;
But, tell me, is life's happiness made up of draughts of air?
They say there 's fine, big trees around, a-waving to the sky—
They 're not a patch on city trees! The hull blamed thing 's a lie!

There 's nawthin' in the country! No! Exceptin' night—and day!
And yet I'm told that "if I'm good, I'll be allowed to stay!"
Ya-ha! That 's where I've got 'em! -I'll be wicked, up an' down!
And then,—hurroo! -Oh, then,—hooray! they'll send me home to town!

David G. Baillie.

A STORMY TIME.

"Just back from Europe, eh? Did you have a stormy time?"
"You bet we did! Why, there was n't any two of us held the same view about the Philippines!"

NO CHANGE.

"New York is n't nearly as interesting as before Choate went to England and Depew went to Washington."
"Oh, I don't know! I hear just the same after-dinner stories."

PEACE CONFERENCES have their uses. There are times when the olive branch makes an excellent ambush.

THE GREATER a man is, the more difficult he finds it to rest on his laurels without musing them.



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OUT OF SIGHT.

YOUNG OSTRICH.—A camera fiend tried to get a snap-shot of me, to-day, but he did n't succeed!
OLD OSTRICH.—Why?
YOUNG OSTRICH.—I shut my eyes!



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DISAPPOINTM

PUCK.



APPOINTMENT.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



A WISH FULFILLED.

I.
MISS SUMMERGIRL.—What has become of that dear little calf that used to love me so when I was here two years ago? I should so love to see him!

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON THE TROUBLE AT THE COURT OF INDIA.

I VOS READIN' some time ago," said Schwarzenkopf, "apoud dot Sheecahgo girl dot married der Viceroy of India — dot Lady Curzon — vot wanted der same respekt undt attention as Quveen Victoria. Did you efer hear how dot vos settled?"

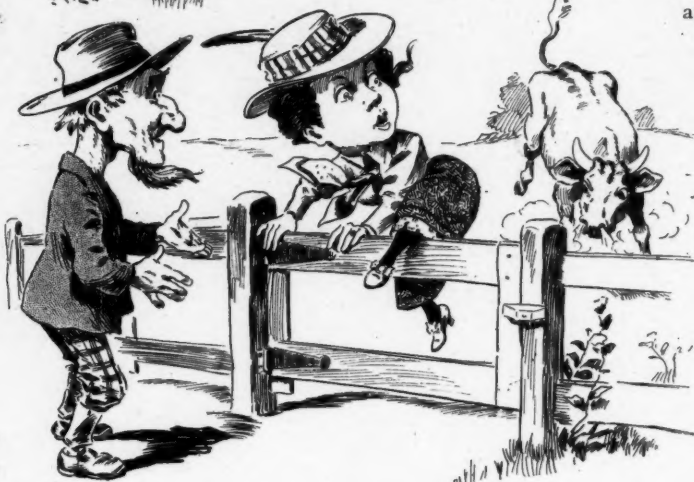
"Oi did not," said Mulligan. "Oi seen nothin' about it in the papers av late. Oi suppose she bate the Br-ritish Impoire out av its boots an' it's ashamed to rayport the raysult."

"Lady Curzon," said I, "appears to have abandoned her ideas of democratic equality, if she ever had any."

"May be," said Mulligan, "'t is only thot she has her own way av apployin' the pr-inciple. 'Accordin' to the Decleration av Indipindence,' she moight say to herself, 'all min are bor-rn aigual, an', av coorse, so are all wimmin; so it shtands to raison thot meself an' the Quane shtarted aiquil. But luk at how Oi've advanced since! Paw has made slathers av money; Brother Joe has had a glor'ous but brief carrare as a ploonger, an' the whole wur-ruld lukked an' wit' amazement whin Paw paid up his dibts, an' as for meself Oi married into the betther classes av the nobility — no whipper-snapper av a Frinch or Eytalian count but a rale ould English Juke or Errul' — or whatever the devil he is. 'But Oi'll be mod'rate in me hour av thriumph,' says she. 'Oi'll not ax to be thrated anny betther than the Quane. Oi'll jist mek them thrate me as her aigual an' let it go at thot.' An' so she lugs up the itiquette av the Coort av London an' foinds thot whin the Quane shtands up iverybody must shtand up — they must not be r'adin' a newspaper an' purtindin' they don't see her — and if she's sittin' down an' meks up her moind to shtand up they must roise unanimous like the folks do on the blachin'-boards at the ball game whin some wan calls out 'Shtretch!' — they must do it wit' aiquil enthusiasm but more grace."

"Undt I undershtand," said Schwarzenkopf, "dot her sisters und her mutter vant der same attentions as she does."

"An' why shud n't they?" asked Mulligan. "They're all young an' good-lookin' an' they're from Sheecago, an' Paw, as Oi said, has slathers av money lift after suppor-tin' a Vicer'y an' a ploonger; so why shud n't the rist



II.
FARMER MEDDERS.—That's him, Ma'am!

av the fam'ly do as well as Sister Mary? An' as for Maw, why shud she play sicond fiddle to the Quane or annybody else? She's a silf-made mother-in-law —"

"A what?"

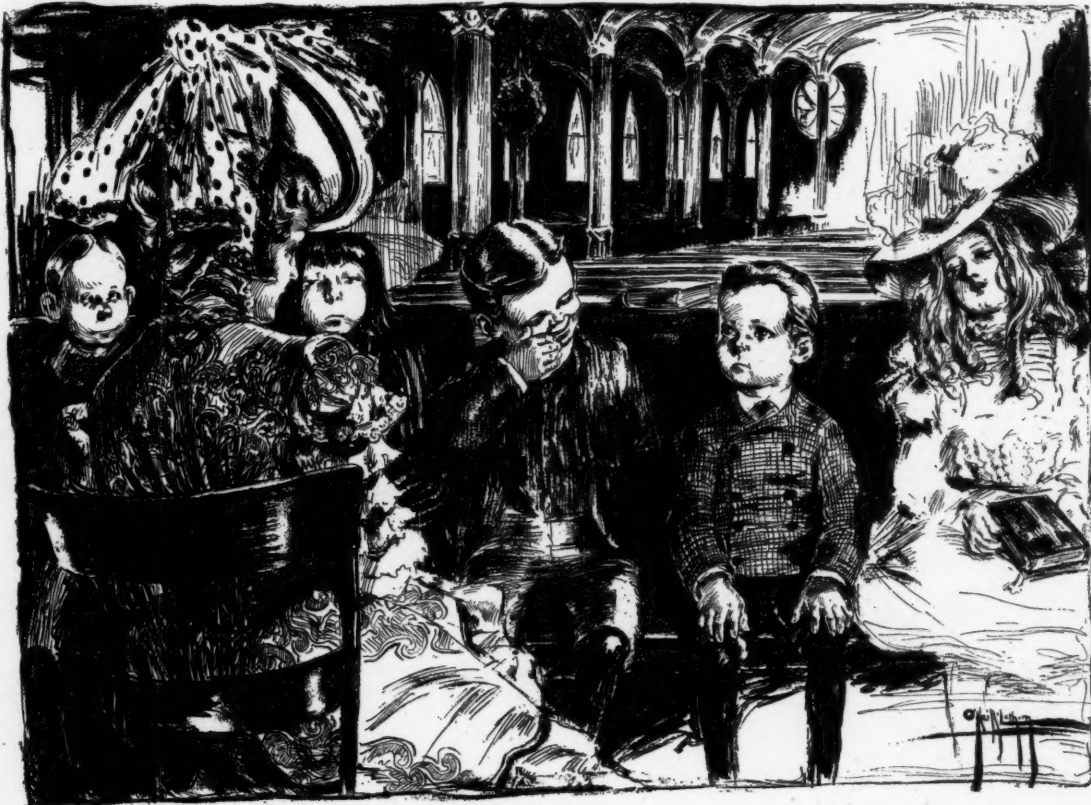
"A silf-made mother-in-law — one av thim wimmin that sets her eye on the Pr-ince or Juke or Errul or Count or whatever the devil koinde of a thing it is she wants for a son-in-law, an' says to herself 'Oi'll marry me dather to thot wan or Oi'll die — wit' mor-rtification — in the attemp't.' An' she lands him in a jiffy."

"The British public," said I, "unquestionably desire that Lady Curzon shall be treated with all proper deference but hardly that she shall receive the same honors as the Queen."

"The Br-ritish public 'll come 'round all roight," said Mulligan. "The Ghoorkas an' the Hindoos an' all thim other barbarious Injin throibes may poke fun at her Leddyship but the Br-ritish public knows its place better. The Br-ritish public has been carefully iddicated to rayspict its shupayriors, no matther how divilish ridiculous they mek thimselves, an' no matther if they're only shupayriors be marriage. Her Leddyship will win out, as the sayin' is. 'Whin a woman will, she will,' as somebody said — some married man, av coorse, — an' whin three or four Sheecago wimmin will an' whin they're backed up be Paw's bank account an' be Maw's thrim-injus ability an' ixpar'ence, 't will be a cowl'd day whin they get left. An' Inja is not noted for blizzards."

"I don't know," said Schwarzenkopf. "Der Quveen has been all her life used to dot sort of t'ing undt nobody expepts her to make any schange. But it's different ven an Amerigan girl vot ought to know better, shtarts in dot vay. Dot Lady Curzon mighd do more to shpread der Amerigan ideas of democracy undt equality dan if she vos really attached to dem. She might set der British people t'inking."

"That's possible," said Mulligan. "But you know if the Br-ritish payple begins thinkin' now, what a divil av a long toime 't will be before they do annything!"



A STIPULATION.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—In order to be saved we must be born again. Now, Robert, would n't you like to be born again?

ROBERT.—Yes'm; if I could be named after Dewey!

A FANTASY.

(On fanning Fanny.)



SHE LOCKS that stray about her eyes
Like vagrants haunting Paradise!
Ye flutter in a vague alarm
Beneath my fitful leaf of pa'm;
Elf-locks, beau-catchers waifs and strays
From the smooth paths and pleasant ways
Wherein her even tresses crown
Her dainty head with glossy brown;—
Ah! the same breeze that stirs your strands
Waits me away to tropic lands,
To the dream-country, and beyond
Where grows the palm that bore this frond.
There the sun dies in saffron light,
And all the mourning robes of Night
Are spangled with the glittering stars:
The sea purrs on the coral bars.
And she and I are seated there,
The elf-locks flying round her hair,
The starlight in her lovely eyes
That bid me enter Paradise!

John Paul Bocock.

TO BE EXPECTED.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—You remember that Dr. Upto-date was one of the first physicians to recommend bicycle riding?

MRS. SMITH-ROBINSON.—Yes.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—Well, he's prescribing the automobile, now.

AT THE SHORE.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—Of course I did n't accept him.

SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—And henceforth you must meet as strangers?

FIRST SUMMER GIRL (*sighing*).—I'm afraid not. If we could meet as strangers we'd probably flirt.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

MABEL.—Say, Ma, you know them Italian folks on the corner that have a little baby? Well, their baby ain't Italian, after all.

MRS. WILKINS.—It is n't? How can you tell?

MABEL.—Why, I heard it cry to-day, and it cried just exactly like our English baby.



MIGHT BE AS EFFECTIVE.

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GRANDPA.—When you get to my age, Tommy, I hope you'll be able to tell your grandson that you never used terbacker!

TOMMY.—Well, s'pose I can tell him that I did but he'd better not?

FABLE OF THE STORK AND THE WOLF.

Once upon a time the Stork and the Wolf chanced simultaneously to approach the door of a human habitation.

"After you!" quoth each to the other.

Nor to this day has it been definitely decided whether poverty or population be the prior fact.

ONE CLASS THAT OUGHT TO PLAY.

"How do you feel about Sunday golf, Mr. Stebbins?"

"Well,—I think people who read yellow journals on Sunday would be better occupied in playing golf!"

SUBURBAN SIDEWALKS.

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville, picking his way home through the mud with a city friend, encouragingly*).—It will be plain sailing the rest of the way!

MR. CITILY (*approvingly*).—Well, I must say it is about time to take to a boat!

A MISSING LINK.

THE EDITOR.—I never have seen a man more disappointed than the new reporter was to-day.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.—What was the trouble?

THE EDITOR.—He interviewed Taker, the defaulting cashier, and learned that the man never had been a Sunday-school superintendent.

THERE WILL be mosquitos in the Millennium, of course, but they will all be vegetarians.

THERE SEEMS to be a great fascination to some girls about things that are "horrid."

ONE OF the drawbacks to Love's young dream is that it so frequently develops either into nightmare or insomnia.



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IN A WHISPER.

MR. ISAACS.—I dreamt last night dis place vas insured for a million tollars!

MRS. ISAACS.—I tot so! You vas yelling "fire" in a visper all night long!



THE first mean thing a newly-married man does, is to notice the pretty girls again. — *Atchison Globe.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



GAGGING THE GREEN MONSTER.

MR. LOVERING (*intensely jealous*).—And so that fellow was an old lover of yours, and you was engaged to marry him long before you met me?

MRS. LOVERING (*who knows his weakness—with diplomatic sweetness*).—Yes, George. It's wonderful how my taste improved as I grew older, is n't it?

ANSWERED.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—You have all heard of Admiral Sampson. Now, let us talk of the Biblical hero of the same name. With what did he slay the Philistines? Tommy, do you know?

TOMMY.—M-m-m-er-er-m—

TEACHER (*pointing to his own jaw*).—What's this?

TOMMY (*suddenly brightening*).—Oh! yes; jaw-bone of an ass.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

If you lack appetite, try half a wine glass of Angostura Bitters half hour before meals. Made by J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



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MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—They say that the fishing industry in Maryland gives employment to 42,812 persons.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—That's not so many liars for one State. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A NEW YORK theosophist jumped from the Brooklyn bridge to prove the soundness of the logic of his creed. All he proved is that fools are hard to kill. — *Star of Hope.*



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**KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS**

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GOLDS HEADACHES
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PERMANENTLY
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.
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OVERHOLT**
A PURE
STIMULANT
Physicians prescribe it
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Pittsburg, Pa.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

The chap who teaches foot-ball men is called a "coach;" so, therefore, when A man shows people how to act He is a "stage-coach,"—that's a fact. — *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

CATHEDRAL GLEN.

(In the Catskills.)



IS THIS Cathedral Glen? Amen!
You're in the double aisle, Miss Doveleigh.
With stately steps you near a nave,
Up paths mosaic mosses pave;
The pews are whispering that you're lovely.

The sunbeams pass through leaf-stained glass
Where all the several saints in ire
At me, the single sinner, glare;
The birds are singing everywhere
Up in the galleries with the choir.

My dear, my dear, do you not hear?
That was the Bridal Chorus, surely!
Already you are all in white;
When will the groom appear in sight?
Why are you smiling so demurely?

Emile Andrew Huber.

DEWEY'S RELATIVES.

If Admiral Dewey be a subscriber to a press-clipping bureau he will find on his arrival home, by looking over the mass of clippings that will be ready for him, that he is probably the most thoroughly related man in the world. It will be a revelation to him to discover how many relatives he has.

This is the way in which the newspapers record the doings of some of his family connections:

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Bluegrass Stakes, \$500, were won by Samuel Fenderson's filly Maud Q. Mr. Fenderson is a second cousin of Admiral Dewey.

BUCYRUS, O.—James T. Spriggins has announced his intention to go to New York to greet Admiral Dewey on his arrival. Mr. Spriggins's deceased wife's great-aunt was a fourth cousin of Admiral Dewey's maternal aunt.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Richard Dewey, banker, is dead in this city. Mr. Dewey used to say that he thought he was related to Admiral Dewey, but had not been able to trace the connection.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Reuben Sparrowhawk, who was graduated recently by the Philadelphia Dental College, has opened a dental establishment in this city. Mr. Sparrowhawk is a forty-second cousin of Admiral Dewey.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Chicago Base-Ball Club has signed a new pitcher named Dewey, who claims to be a blood-relation of the great Admiral.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Capt. Thomas Starbuck has left this port in a boat 18 feet long, to circumnavigate the globe. He will visit Manila Bay, the scene of the great victory of his distinguished relative, Admiral Dewey.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The 'Steenth Presbyterian Church has extended a call to the Rev. Dr. Tekst, of Brattleboro, Vt., whose wife is a third cousin of Admiral Dewey.

DETROIT, MICH.—Uncle Zack Richardson has just returned from a most successful fishing trip in the upper lakes. He was away three weeks, and in that time caught 749 fish, not one of which weighed less than two pounds, and some of which weighed 23 and 26 pounds. Uncle Zack is a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton and is related to Admiral Dewey, his father being a nephew of Admiral Dewey's father.

William Henry Siviter.

A PARTNERSHIP CONCERN.

FIRST CHINAMAN.—Is Manchuria Russian territory by this time, or is it still Chinese, or partly both?

SECOND CHINAMAN.—Partly both, I think. If it is more Chinese than Russian it merely constitutes a large Russian sphere of influence in China; while, if it is more Russian than Chinese, we can console ourselves that in it we have a certain sphere of influence in Russia.



DEFINED.

UNCLE MOSE (after a successful raid).—Dis here must be one ob dem Movable Feasts what de preacher talks about!

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.

Dear Sirs:—

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,
Detroit, Mich.

MORAL: Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

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WEST HAVEN, CONN.



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CRITICISM.

"He tole me his ambition is ter be a perfessional acrobach."
 "His ambition is to be a perfessional acrobach! Hully gee! Why can't a feller do stunts wit'out puttin' on sich lugs about it?"

SEASIDE DON'TS.

If you are married and fond of peace in the family, never attempt to rescue a drowning woman, even if she should be extremely old and wear a wig.

Don't swim out beyond your depth; throw up your arms and yell, "Help!" It is just too funny for anything; but consider how many people you disappoint by not drowning.

If you are learning how to swim, don't go out into ten feet of water. You can drown just as easily in ten inches, and at the same time make it much easier for your would-be rescuers.

If your jocular friend splashes you with 52-degree water while you stand shiveringly contemplating the breakers, don't give way to undignified anger. Remember that anger shortens life. Be mirthful, and, when he is n't looking, seize him firmly by the back of the neck and hold his head under water for thirty seconds. Count slow.

Never undertake to teach a pretty girl how to swim. She is sure to swallow at least a gallon of unpleasant-tasting water and when she recovers tell all her friends just how clumsy and altogether horrid you are.

Don't jump up and down among a crowd of nervous bathers and shout "Shark!" The effect from the point of view of the people on shore is truly hilarious, but the world has stood that joke for a long, long time, and it is getting about time that someone lost his life.

Don't growl about the temperature of the water and tell folks how much warmer the ocean was where you spent last Summer. It's such an old lie, you see.

Never entice timid young persons or hysterical elderly females out over their depths and threaten to let go of them. There is a specially commissioned destroying angel busily engaged in looking for such consummate asses.

If you are a pretty woman, don't think that all the men on the beach are looking at you when you appear dressed for the bath. There are *some* polite men in the world; besides, most of them will be too busy focusing their cameras.

Above all, never, never purchase a cheap bathing-suit. Modesty forbids that we should state the objections, but they are there. A cheap, hastily built suit often results in a breach of etiquette.

Richard Stillman Powell.

MR. F. TENNYSON NEELY HAS PUBLISHED The Cruise of the Scythian in the West Indies.

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.

— Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

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It's Pure. That's Sure



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We suppose that if ever the modest shrinking
violet got married, it would be transformed into
an aggressive Canada thistle.—*Atchison Globe*.



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doing anything that will produce headache or
heartache.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

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A THEORY.

ADA.—Who said "one man is as good as another?" I don't know; but I suppose it was
some advocate of republicanism.

CLARA.—Oh! I thought it was some old maid!

The standard for purity and excellence is at-
tained in champagne by Cook's Imperial Extra
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Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, renovates
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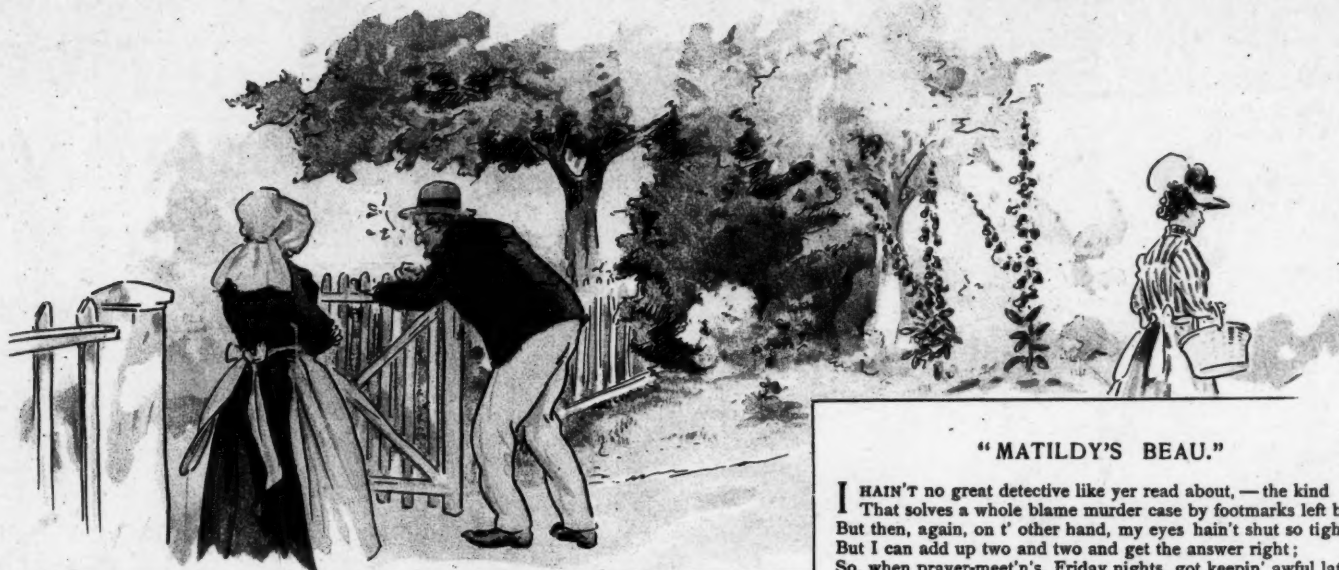
On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the
Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on
September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Com-
pany will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Phila-
delphia, at rate of single fare for the round trip, except that the
fare from New York and Baltimore will be \$3; from Newark,
N. J., \$2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., \$2.75, and proportionate
rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2, 3, 4 and 5, good to return
until September 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with
joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5, 6, 7, 8 or 9, and
the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to Sep-
tember 30, inclusive.

SIDE TRIPS.

Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort,
Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battlefields will also be sold
at greatly reduced rates.

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to The West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



"MATILDY'S BEAU."

I HAIN'T no great detective like yer read about, — the kind
That solves a whole blame murder case by footmarks left behind;
But then, again, on t' other hand, my eyes hain't shut so tight
But I can add up two and two and get the answer right;
So, when prayer-meet'n's, Friday nights, got keepin' awful late,
And, fer an hour er so, I 'd hear low voices at the gate;
And when that gate got saggin' down 'bout ha'f a foot er so,
I says ter Mother: "Ma," says I, "Matildy 's got a beau."

We oughter have expected it, she 's most eighteen, yer see;
But, sakes alive! she 's always seemed a baby, like, ter me;
And so, a feller after *Aer*, why, that jest did beat all!
But, t' other Sunday, bless yer soul, he come around ter call;
And when I see him all dressed up as dandy as yer please,
But sorter lookin' 's if he had the shivers in his knees,
I kinder realized it then, yer might say, like a blow,
Thinks I, "No use! I 'm gittin' old; Matildy 's got a beau."

Jest twenty-four short years gone by, — it don't seem five, I vow! —
I fust called on Matildy — that 's Matildy's mother now;
I recollect I spent an hour a-tyin' my cravat,
And I 'd sent up ter town and bought a bang-up shiny hat.
And, my! Oh, my! them new plaid pants; well, wa'n't I somethin' grand
When I come up the walk with some fresh posies in my hand?
And did n't I feel like a fool when her young brother, Joe,
Sang out: "Gee Crickets! Looky here! Here comes Matildy's beau!"

And now another feller comes up my walk, jest as gay,
And here 's Matildy blushin' red in jest her mother's way;
And when she says she 's got ter go an errand to the store,
We know *Ae* 's waitin' round the bend, jest as I 've done afore;
Or, when they 're in the parlor and I knock, why, bless yer heart!
I have ter smile ter hear how quick their chairs are shoved apart.
They think us old folks don't catch on a single mite; but, sho!
I reckon they forgit I was Matildy's mother's beau.

Joe Lincoln.

